Wichita Eagle

FEW DIE—NONE RESIGN.

BUT THIS IS NOT TRUE OF UNITED STATES SENATORS.

Edmunds and Reagan in Voluntarily Throwing Off the Senatorial Toga Bring Up the Rear of a Procession More Than Two Hundred Strong—Long Death Roll.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, May 4.—There is an old saying of office holders that few die and none resign. When asked a few weeks ago if he intended to retire from the senate, Mr. Edmunds adroitly threw his questioner off the scent by replying, "Did you ever know any one to resign a public office unless he had a better one in view?" Yet, the adage and the senator to the contrary notwithstanding, we have within a month had two instances of resignation from the senate—Mr. Edmunds, stepping down on account of his health, and Mr. Reagan, because he wanted to make sure of a good income in his declining years. There was something pathetic about the resignation of the latter. After fifty-two years of public service in his state, in the Federal congress, in the Confederate congress and cabinet, and again in the Federal congress, he felt it necessary to resign in his old age and poverty, so that the fortunes of politics might not leave him stranded at last. Who was it exclaimed if he had served his God one-half so well as he had served his country, etc? Thinking one day about the old saying that few die and none resign, I concluded to supplant maxims with facts. So I looked up the records and was surprised to find that there have been more than 225 resignations from the United States senate and nearly 100 deaths of senators in office. Considering that only 885 men all told have sat in the senate, these figures strike one as being somewhat remarkable refutations of the old adage. It appears that in the early days of the republic a seat in the senate was not considered so high an honor nor so great a prize as it is in these times; and it is safe to assume that in the first half century of the government senatorial seats were not bought and sold as they have been in some instances in later times. At any rate, resignations have been much fewer of late. Nowadays when a man steps voluntarily out of the senate it is generally, as Mr. Edmunds says, with a certainty or expectation of getting something better, such as a seat on the supreme court bench or a place in the cabinet. Even in recent times, however, there have been a few instances of resignation from other motives. Conkling and Platt resigned for pride's sake; a few years ago General Gordon, now senator-elect from Georgia, resigned to go into money making; Jonathan Chace, of Rhode Island, resigned two years ago because he could not afford to live in Washington on a senator's salary; Simon Cameron resigned to make room for his son Don, and now Edmunds and Reagan, who have been conspicuous men for a full quarter of a century, throw off the senatorial toga. Most of the recent senatorial resignations have been of men called into presidential cabinets.

In the old days there must have been either a mania for resigning or some political tradition which required men elected under certain conditions to step out before the expiration of their terms and give some one else a chance. Except on some such hypothesis it is impossible to explain the large number of voluntary retirements during the first half century of the senate. There was scarcely a state that did not have from half a dozen to a dozen such instances.

In Alabama William R. King resigned twice, first in 1844 and again in 1853; John W. Walker, one of the first senators, resigned in 1822. Other resignations were John McKinley, 1837, and A. P. Bagby, 1848.

Arkansas has had three resignations—Sevier, in 1848; Borland, his successor, in 1853, and Garland, in 1885, to go into President Cleveland's cabinet.

California has had but one resignation, that of Senator Casserly, in 1873. Colorado has had but one, that of Senator Teller, in 1882, to go into President Arthur's cabinet.

In Connecticut Oliver Ellsworth, a first senator, resigned in 1796, and was succeeded by James Hillhouse, who served fourteen years and then resigned. Johnson, another first senator, resigned in 1791; Roger Sherman, who succeeded him, died; his successor, Mitchell, resigned; his successor, Jonathan Trumbull, resigned; his successor, Tracy, died, and Tracy's successor, Goodrich, resigned. Senator Smith resigned in 1854.

The little state of Delaware has had a remarkable number of resignations, as follows: Read, 1793; Vining, 1798; Latimer, 1801; Wells, 1804; James A. Bayard, 1813; Rodney, 1823; Thomas Clayton, 1827; McLane, 1829; Naudain, 1836; John M. Clayton, 1836 and 1849; James A. Bayard (second), 1864; Thomas F. Bayard, 1885.

Resignations in Georgia have been: Jackson, 1795; Milledge, 1809; Crawford, 1811; Bibb, 1816; Troup, 1818; Forsythe, 1819; Walker, 1821; Cobb, 1828; Berrien, 1829; Troup again in 1833; Berrien again in 1852; Colquitt, in 1848, and Gordon, in 1880.

Illinois has had but one resignation, that of Ninian Edwards, a first senator, in 1824. Iowa has had three—Harlan, in 1865; Grimes, in 1869, and Kirkwood, in 1882. Kansas has had one—Caldwell, in 1873.

The early statesmen of Kentucky were fond of throwing off the senatorial toga. Here is the record of one seat in the senate: Thurston resigned in 1809, and Henry Clay filled out the term; Bibb succeeded Clay, and resigned in 1814, Walker filling the term; Barry came next, but resigned in 1816, Hardin filling the term; then came John J. Crittenden, who resigned in 1819; after Johnson and Bibb again Crittenden came in once more, and resigned a second time in 1840; Guthrie resigned in 1868. The other seat fared in this way: John Breckinridge resigned in 1805; his successor, Adair, resigned in 1806, Henry Clay filling out the term; Pope, who succeeded Clay, resigned in 1814; his successor, Bledsoe, resigned in 1819; Bledsoe's successor, Talbot, resigned in 1820; Talbot's successor, Logan, resigned the same year; finally Talbot was induced to serve out a full term, and Rowan imitated his example; then Henry Clay was elected for two terms, but resigned in 1842; Crittenden, who succeeded him, resigned in 1848, and was succeeded by Metcalf, and Metcalf in turn was succeeded by Clay, who resigned once more in 1852.

Louisiana senators who resigned were Destrehan, Brown, Johnson, Livingston, Porter, Mouton and Soule. Maine had many resignations—Parris in 1828, Sprague in 1835, Shepley in 1836, Williams in 1843, and Fessenden in 1864; Hamlin resigned twice, in 1857 and 1861; Morrill resigned in 1876 and was succeeded by Blaine, who resigned in 1881 to go into Garfield's cabinet. Senator Hale is now the senior senator from Maine, but his seniority is a matter of four days. He took his seat March 4, 1881, and Frye March 8, 1881.

Resignations in Maryland have been: Charles Carroll of Carrollton, 1793; Potts, 1796; John Henry, 1797; James Lloyd, 1800; Wright, 1806; Harper, 1816; Edward Lloyd, 1826; Chambers, 1834; Reverdy Johnson, 1849 and 1868.

Massachusetts had many resignations of senators: Cabot and Strong both resigned in 1796; their successors, Goodhue and Strong, resigned in 1800; Foster, 1803; John Quincy Adams, 1808; Lloyd, 1813; Gore, 1816; Ashmun, 1818; Otis, 1822; Silsbee and Davis, 1840; Daniel Webster, 1841; Rufus Choate, 1850; Edward Everett, 1854; Henry Wilson, 1873.

Michigan has had but two resignations—Lewis Cass, in 1848, and Christiancy, in 1879; Minnesota but one, that of Windom, for the purpose of going into Garfield's cabinet. Mississippi has had 11 resignations, including those of Jefferson Davis, Walker and Foote; Missouri, 1; New Hampshire, 8, including Franklin Pierce; New Jersey, 12; New York, 15, including Van Buren, Rufus King, Dewitt Clinton, W. L. Marcy, Silas Wright, Roscoe Conkling and T. C. Platt; North Carolina, 11, including Nathaniel Macon and Willie Mangum.

Ohio has had 8 resignations, including John Smith, Return J. Meigs, Thomas Corwin, Salmon P. Chase and John Sherman. In Pennsylvania the resignations number 7, including James Buchanan and Simon Cameron, the latter resigning twice. Rhode Island had 8 resignations; South Carolina, 13, among them Pierce Butler (twice), John C. Calhoun and William C. Preston; Tennessee, 9, including Andrew Jackson; Vermont, 7, and Virginia 12, including Monroe and Tyler.

The death roll of the United States senate is also a long one. Senators dying in office were:

Alabama—Lewis, Chambers, Houston.
Arkansas—Fulton, Ashley.
California—Broderick, Miller, Hearst.
Connecticut—Boardman, Smith, Belts, Huntington, Buckingham, Sherman, Tracy, Ferry.
Delaware—White, Riddle, Joshua Clayton, Van Dyke, John M. Clayton.
Georgia—Baldwin, Ware, Jackson.
Illinois—McLean, McRoberts, Douglas, Kane, Logan.
Indiana—Noble, Whitcomb, Morton.
Kansas—Lane.
Kentucky—Davis, Beck.
Louisiana—Claiborne, Barrow, Johnston.
Maine—Fairfield, Fessenden.
Maryland—Hanson, Kent, Goldsborough, Spence, Pearce, Hicks, Wilson.
Massachusetts—Bates, Sumner.
Michigan—Bingham, Chandler.
Minnesota—Norton.
Mississippi—Speight, Reed, Adams.
Missouri—Buckner, Linn, Bogy.
New Hampshire—Gilman, Atherton, Pike, Norris, Bell.
New Jersey—McIlvaine, Southard, Thompson, Wright.
Ohio—Trimble.
Oregon—Baker.
Rhode Island—Potter, Malbone, Dixon, Burnside, Burrill, Anthony.
South Carolina—John C. Calhoun, Evans, John Ewing Colhoun, Gaillard, A. P. Butler.
Tennessee—Felix Grundy, Andrew Johnson.
Texas—Rusk, Henderson.
Vermont—Foot, Upham, Callamer.
Virginia—Pennypacker, Bowden, Taylor.
West Virginia—Caperton.
Wisconsin—Carpenter.

It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that Rhode Island, the smallest state in the Union, should have had six senators die in harness, and Connecticut, another little state, eight, while neither New York nor Pennsylvania, the greatest states, has had one. In this death roll the observing reader will already have noted the names of Stephen A. Douglas, "The Little Giant;" O. P. Morton, of Indiana; Zach Chandler, of Michigan; Fessenden, of Maine; Charles Sumner; Baker, of Oregon, who fell in battle; John C. Calhoun, Matthew Carpenter and Andrew Johnson. Perhaps the most pathetic name in the list is that of John A. Logan. Men of all parties and factions agree that had Logan lived he would have realized the ambition of his life by ascending to the presidential chair.

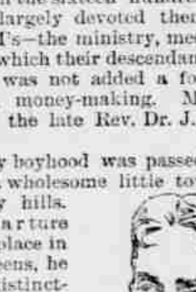
I think I have at least succeeded in showing conclusively that more than a few office holders die and that very many resign.

ROBERT GRAVES.

John P. Lyons.

BOSTON, May 4.—Last autumn, the funny man who had made the Boston Courier so famous having gone to the Cape Cod Item, it devolved upon John P. Lyons to keep up the standard of the Boston Courier, and he seems to have been amply equal to the task, as the Boston Courier is today as much quoted as it ever was.

Mr. Lyons was born something like thirty years ago at the eastern end of the Mediterranean sea. Not only, however, were his parents American citizens, but his ancestry is American back to remote generations, his many times great-grandfather having settled in Roxbury, a Boston suburb, back in the sixteen hundreds. These ancestors largely devoted themselves to the three M's—the ministry, medicine and music—to which their descendant laments that there was not added a fourth compound M, money-making. Mr. Lyons' father was the late Rev. Dr. J. L. Lyons, of Florida.



JOHN P. LYONS.

His early boyhood was passed in Montrose, Pa., a wholesome little town on the Alleghany hills. His departure from this place in his early teens, he says, was distinctly felt by the community, especially the near neighbors, as he had been very fond of playing on a large snare drum before breakfast. The next three years were passed in Jacksonville, Fla., where he made his first appearance as an editor. The paper was a high school publication. Young Lyons was to be its editor, and a classmate, who had served a term as printer's devil, was to set the type and give the proud sheet to the world. It never, however, reached the second issue, typesetting as a continuous employment not being the delirious joy that had been anticipated.

On leaving Harvard college in 1882 he began contributing short sketches and verses to various newspapers, and particularly to the New York humorous publications; but three years of tutoring and a year and a half in the government service in the New York naval office materially interrupted this work. This interruption was the more complete as during this time spare hours were devoted to the study of law, which it was his expectation in due time to practice. Like many others, however, he finally abandoned this pastime to those who could find more in it to enjoy.

In the summer of 1888 he went to Boston and assumed the duties of editorial writer and dramatic and literary critic on the Boston Commonwealth. After a year and a half in this position he gave up a part of the work to do editorial and special writing for the Boston Times. On this paper he resuscitated a department called "Humors of the Times," consisting of short paragraphs and verse, which soon began to be quoted. This department he sustained until last fall, when he took up its "Pencilings" column.

TOM MASSON.

It Wasn't Higginson.

There were a dozen people in the postoffice corridor yesterday noon, when a young woman suddenly turned on a middle aged man with:

"Why, Mr. Higginson, how do you do, and how are all the family! I saw in the papers that your wife was getting a divorce on the ground of cruelty, but I couldn't believe it. Tell me all about it."

"You—you are mistaken!" he managed to reply after two or three efforts.

"Oh, I can't be!" she artlessly replied.

"But you are. My name is not Higginson, and my wife has not applied for a divorce."

"Dear, dear me! But you have followed me all over the streets for more than two hours, and finally trailed me in here, and all the time I was saying to myself, 'That's Mr. Higginson, whose wife is getting a divorce because he is so ugly tempered she can't live with him, and he wants to tell me all about it.' I beg your pardon."

There was no need of it, however, as he was making a grand skip for the street before she got to the end of her story.—Detroit Free Press.

AT MIDNIGHT.

I wandered at midnight in the graveyard;
The smell of damp grass was in my nostrils;
I heard my heart throb in the awful silence.

As a headlong diver, plunging in the ocean,
Sees dimly glimmering through the green darkness
The swinging surges pulsating above him;

Sees the slimy keels of diligent vessels,
With bubbling wake of ghostly foam in furrows,
And a dull shine of sails swollen by tempests;

Sees lidless eyed monsters leering past him,
And wrecks and drowned men constantly sinking,
While the muffled knell of the surf is tolling;

So as I heard the sad lapse of the mill stream,
Down, down, quickly my spirit descended
To the residence of dead men and women.

In an unearthly sepulchral twilight
The grassy firmament was visible
Flecked with white clouds of motionless daisies.

The craggy roots of the headstones protruded
Uncomfortably from the low ceilings of the
Tortuous obscure damp cavern.

Suddenly from ten thousand eyeless sockets
A mild but awful glare of light glowed bluely,
Lighting the streets of that benevolent city.

A hospitable city, whose gates were always open;
With low priced tenements for God's poor people;
A cheap resort for desolate age in winter.

The neighborhood was orderly and quiet,
As from each coffin window a skull was grinning
In idle mockery at life's foolish satire.

There was a wonderful sameness in costume
Worn by rich ladies and their poor servants,
And no bills presented to embarrassed husbands.

Side by side lay the spendthrift and the miser,
The maid and her rejected lover,
The prodigal and his unrelenting father.

Noises there were of feet in sad procession,
And gleams of eyes with curious sadness,
Peering into the dark they soon or late must tenant.

My soul, moved by an irresistible impulse,
Like the thistledown before the east wind,
Went through many anonymous avenues.

I heard a sound of deep perpetual thunder,
Like life's flood tide throbbing in monotonous pulses,
Upon the shore that has no road or harbor.

Was it a reality, or was it a vision merely
I saw underground as my spirit descended into
The land of the mole and the gopher?

—John James Ingalls in Minneapolis Journal.

ELEANOR IN LOVE.

She held in her hand the letter. Should she send it? That moment was one of those wistfully critical epochs of existence upon which may swing, as upon a hinge, the door of destiny.

Eleanor Armstrong stood in doubt. Why? It was a little thing, just a friendly letter to Jack Renshaw out in Texas. What matter? Why should she hesitate? Eleanor could not tell. Still she lingered, dimly prescient of that swinging door of destiny.

She had written his name across the envelope; should she complete the address and let it go? Hers was a quick, positive nature, given to the obedience of impulse. It was vexing to be so puzzled over so slight a thing.

An accident, if such it was, decided the question. A caller was announced. She descended to the drawing room, and the letter went to the box, gathered up with the rest of her mail by the hand of the maid.

"It was destiny," said Eleanor to herself in an afterthought.

After all nothing could come of it. She was under no obligation to Jack Renshaw, nor to any other man, in fact. Then she wondered idly if she ever should care for any of them—one more than another—for Eleanor Armstrong, while no beauty, had grace and sparkle, and a subtle personal magnetism which drew about her plenty of admirers.

She favored them all by turns. Last summer it was Lew Hunter. She went boating with him up in lovely Chocorua, where they summered, played tennis and climbed country roads and hills.

"He was so strong and good natured, and made such a good alpen-stock," she coolly explained to her aunt, Miss Jane Mears, who was her careful chaperon.

This year, last past, it was Jack Renshaw, at the same place, Chocorua—"dear old dreamy town." Eleanor said, "I could never tire of it." Jack did not dance, cared nothing for tennis, and had no experience with oars; but he read poetry beautifully, and could tell her charming old idyls as they walked by the river.

He interested her in a way that others did not; and yet he had such a dreadfully intense earnestness about him that he positively frightened her sometimes, she said.

Now the summer was gone, Jack was in Texas, and Eleanor was in her city home with only Aunt Jane and memory. Yes, there was always Fred Kensel. He lived in a handsome house up in the square, with a stylish mother and sisters. He was the oldest friend of all, and was always at hand, sometimes more than Eleanor wished. For in the last year their frank, unrestrained good fellowship had in some way taken on a color too strong for ordinary friendship, and Eleanor often found herself uncomfortable and ill at ease when Fred was near. She would declare the air was close—she must have the window open—and where was Aunt Jane? Or if they were on the street she complained of his pace; why did he lag so? Couldn't he walk up like any other man? Poor Fred unwittingly felt the smart of many thorns that winter.

But about Jack Renshaw: Eleanor cared nothing for him—she knew she didn't. He was a pleasant summer friend, nothing more. He had light hair; she wouldn't marry a blonde, anyway. Then he was too serious, too "preachy." She wasn't going to marry a guideboard. Besides he was all of ten years older than she—might as well be her grandfather. No, Jack Renshaw, for anything but a friend, was out of the question. Lew Hunter was more to her mind, and secretly to herself, she owned that Mr. Jerome Arthur, the tenor at St. Paul's, was nearer to her taste than either. But Mr. Jerome Arthur was as yet only a vague possibility. She had met him casually a dozen times or so. Thus she reasoned.

So the days went by, and the letter and Jack went almost out of mind. Occasionally a remark or tone of voice, or a marked passage in some favorite book they had read, would recall him. Then memory would stir, and she would idly wonder if he got her letter, and when and how he would write. But the speculation was one of indifference. It troubled her not. The issue was all too vague as yet.

Lew Hunter was around occasionally; she began to meet and sing duets with Jerome Arthur at the houses of friends, while Fred Kensel was in constant attendance for lectures, concerts and drives. Therefore, if Miss Eleanor's time did not fly, it at least did not drag; and she spent very few hours either in ennui or in serious reflection.

Miss Jane Mears was sometimes anxious for the future of her niece, and took occasion to remind her of the ultimate necessity of a choice and a judicious settlement in life. Whereupon the spirited girl, with laughing audacity, averred that Aunt Jane herself was to be congratulated upon her own merciful preservation from such a climax! That good lady received the lively sallies of her niece with the good humored toleration of a mother cat under the attack of a frolicsome kitten.

"But, Eleanor, my dear," she would purr, "you know you cannot always go on in this way; you really must make a choice."

"Make a choice—how shall I do it, auntie? Advertise for sealed proposals and award the contract to the highest bidder, or put the candidates in a bag and raffle for them?"

"Don't be absurd, child," responded Miss Jane; "you know what I mean, of course. I am afraid you will go through the entire pasture and then take up with a crooked stick."

"Well, I haven't seen any quite straight enough to suit me yet."

"Well, well, my dear, I only talk to you for your own good. I have been afraid you missed it when you didn't take up with Josiah Hawkins."

"'Josiah Hawkins'—and 'missed it,' indeed!" retorted Eleanor. "What did I miss but an antiquated old pig with dyspepsia and squeaky shoes. I trust I am not reduced to quite so low an ebb."

"No, no, child; don't fly in a passion so; it isn't ladylike. I am only afraid you will never do any better, that is all."

"'Do any better!' I should think I could hardly do worse than marry a man for whom I hadn't a spark of love!" and the girl's eyes flashed.

"Well, there, there," soothed the serene maternal cat, "don't let's talk any more about it."

"No, but you mustn't begin it, and please don't scold me any more, dear," succumbed Eleanor, with a kittenish embrace. And so the dialogue would end. And the autumn days went by.

November came on, and no letter from Jack. Eleanor began to think about it. Sometimes she watched, half unconsciously, for the postman, with a little sting of disappointment when he went by. Yet her intimacy with Mr. Jerome Arthur grew apace, and she was quite fascinated by his tender tones and dark, passionate eyes.

December—no letter. Eleanor's feeling of mere question of the cause passed into the stage of positive pique. Her pride was touched. Not even to write to her, to leave any letter of hers unanswered, when any other man would have written two. Well, if Jack Renshaw had a remote idea of her wearing the willow for him he had not read his p's and q's correctly, that was all.

So she sang more and sweeter duets with Jerome Arthur, smiled more graciously on Lew Hunter, and completely dazzled poor Fred Kensel with her affability. On the whole she was rather glad he did not write—so she soliloquized—for inasmuch as she cared nothing for Jack, and never could, a correspondence would be stupid and only lead to trouble.

Of course he cared for her—that is, well, of course he did! Then, in proof of that fact her mind reverted to the night last summer when they parted at the gate of the old farmhouse where she stopped. They had taken their last walk by the river. They had then sought the top of the "ledges" to watch the sun set. Finally, in the twilight they had wandered back to say goodby at the gate. Jack was going tomorrow and she a week later. Their conversation was broken and intermittent as they came down the grassy road.

"Perhaps this may be our last walk forever," spoke his low, earnest voice. "Should you care if it were, Eleanor?"

"Oh, don't be so solemn," exclaimed she. "Of course we shall have more—dozens next summer."

He detained her gently by the arm.

"But would you care if we never did, I asked you?"

"Jack Renshaw," facing him audaciously, "did you ever see an owl? You positively make me think of one sometimes."

His face paled a little. His mouth had a firmer look as he walked in silence by her side to the gate. Hesitating a moment while she coquetted with her parasol and shifted some wild flowers uneasily from one hand into the other:

"Goodby, Eleanor," very gravely.

"Goodby, Jack," vivaciously.

"Is that all—can you say nothing else?"

"Why, what should I say?" she laughed.

"Say that you care—a little—for our summer ended—if you do," taking her hand.

"But what if I don't?" withdrawing that member.

He looked at her challenging face a moment, seriously.

"Goodby," he said, and turned and walked away. Eleanor tripped lightly over the threshold up to her room, flung off her hat, immediately sat down, and—yes, true to the inexplicably contradictions of girlhood, cried.

She remembered it now with a smile, half of incredulity, half of self contempt. Why did she cry? True again to the inexplicabilities of girlhood she did not know.

Three weeks after the parting scene she had received a letter from Jack in Texas, purely friendly, but the closing paragraph of which was this, "May I expect an answer, and may I hope that you do regret, just a little, the ending of our summer idyl?" So Eleanor had written her reply warily eschewing the subject of "regret," however, and that was the letter to which she had received no reply.

The winter days wore on. From indifference to curiosity, from curiosity to pique, and now from pique to anxiety and fitful depression her feeling had passed. From a careless dream of security in his regard she had awakened to doubt and uneasy question. Had he never cared himself for their summer idyl? Of course she didn't, she stoutly maintained to herself, but someway the growing conviction of his indifference was extremely unwelcome to her.

If the truth must be told, her anxiety wore on Miss Eleanor, and she even moped a little, dismally sometimes, at twilight in her room, and pretended she had a headache when Fred called. She dropped by degrees out of the duets and petulantly declared it bored her to sing. Her friends and Mr. Jerome Arthur implored, but she was obdurate. Neither passionate glances nor tender tones had power to move her more. Then she snubbed Lew Hunter and privately voted him stupid.

Miss Mears noticed capriciousness of appetite, and was anxiously solicitous. Did Eleanor sleep well nights? Had she a pain in her side? A dizzy head? Was her tongue coated? And wouldn't she have on a porous plaster or wouldn't she take some tonic bitters? To all of which her niece objected with laughing contempt.

"What do you think about going to Chocorua again this summer?" inquired Miss Mears of her niece one morning the following June. They were sitting at breakfast, and Eleanor was dallying with her coffee spoon.

"Oh, that stupid little town, no. Any place but there," was the quick response.

"Why," said her aunt, in mild surprise, "I thought you liked it so much last year. I am sure the farm house was cool, the vegetables fresh, and you know you thought the river scenery was delightful."

At mention of the river scenery Eleanor was conscious of a pang at her heart like pain; but she answered carelessly: "One tires of things sometimes. I should like a change."

That evening as she took down her long hair in her aunt's room, before retiring, she said suddenly, and with a little nervous flutter, "Yes, let's go to Chocorua, auntie; you know you like it, and the Kensels are going, and it's as good as any place, after all."

Miss Jane Mears received the proposition without surprise, having had twenty years' experience with the fluctuating inclinations of her niece. So it was arranged.

A month later found them settled. There were numerous gay young people, Fred Kensel, his sister and Jerome Arthur among the rest, and Eleanor walked and drove and sought out her old haunts by the river. But there was a lack, a haunting memory, and a wistful pain which her heart sought in vain to ignore.

One night a merry half dozen of them were playing tennis in the field near the farm house which was the temporary home of their choice, when a carriage passing, the driver raised his hat and drew up.

"Jack Renshaw!" exclaimed two or three, recognizing and running toward him, rackets in hand.

Eleanor felt as if stunned, but, being possessed of too much tact and pride to allow herself to seem disconcerted, she approached with the others and offered her hand. He leaned from the carriage in greeting them all, and Eleanor felt, when he took her hand, that his eyes were seeking her own. But she could scarcely look up. Her old fearless confidence was gone, and she blushed half angrily at her disadvantage.

Jack Renshaw recognized, too, the difference, and a something intuitive directed his reply to the general importunity whether he would not be with them before the season was over.

"Yes, certainly, I think I shall," was his reply as he drew his reins and drove on.

He had told them that a telegram brought him from Texas a month ago to the bedside of his mother, who was critically ill, and whose only son he was. Her home was in an adjoining town. She was now convalescent, and he was to return south in September.

That night Eleanor pleaded weariness and retired early to her room. But she could not sleep. She did not try. Without a light, and in her flowing wrapper, she sat long, dreaming in the wide west window; dreaming of all things, of last summer and of the dull, gray future. But through every vision there moved one central figure. All else revolved about that. One face haunted her memory, one voice thrilled her heart.

She rose at last and nervously paced the floor. Why should she think of Jack Renshaw? Why could she not shut him out of mind? She—Eleanor Armstrong—who always had sailed on the crest of the wave, to find herself now chopping dismally in the trough. It was too exasperating.

Yet again and again the same vision haunted her memory, and ever and ever, against her will, the same questions forced an answer. Why could she not forget him? How well he looked! Why had she never noticed his fine expression? What ease and self possession were his! Why had she been so blind before? And so, and so she vexed herself as the night hours wore away.

Within a week Jack was back at Chocorua, a guest at The Elms, the village inn. Eleanor saw him constantly, was obliged to do so, since he was a general favorite, although not given to games.

His attitude toward her was perplexing. Politely indifferent, he neither shunned nor sought her. Eleanor was, as always, gay. But her gayety was fitful; now bordering on extravagance, as when she dashed after a hay cart with Fred; now relapsing almost to sobriety, as when she sought the kitchen to assort rags with old Aunt Eunice.

One afternoon following the arrival of the daily stage she and the Kensel girls proposed walking up to the village postoffice for letters. They were joined on the way by Fred, and at The Elms by re-enforcements, including Mr. Jerome Arthur and Jack. At the postoffice delivery Kitty Kensel volunteered to call for letters for the company.

"Mr. Jerome Arthur, one; Miss Grace E. Morris, two—three! more than your share, Grace Morris; Miss Persis G. A. Pratt, two and a card; Miss Catharine Kensel—that's me—one; Miss Eleanor Armstrong, card and letter—oh, see! and a dead letter, too!"

"A 'dead letter?' Oh, let's see!" cried all the girls, huddling together.

Jack Renshaw stood at Eleanor's right, looking quietly on.

Behold her rosy cheek doth pale,
And palled grow her lily hands;
She dare not rend the mystic veil—

ran on the giddy girl who had delivered the letter.

Eleanor flushed and wrenched the envelope in laughing contempt.

"See if I dare not!" she exclaimed.

The inclosed letter fell to the floor, with the addressed side conspicuously uppermost. Jack stooped and restored it to her, inevitably reading the superscription as he did so. Eleanor at that moment read it also.

"J. H. Renshaw"—nothing less, nothing more. In amazement and confusion she raised her eyes to his, which were eagerly regarding her. The lightning of recognition flashed between them.

There it was, her own letter of a year ago sent to the dead letter office on account of an unfinished address. She remembered it all. She had written his name, nothing more, that day when she was hesitating to send the letter. A caller had interrupted and made her forget. Then the maid had mailed it as it was.

So Jack had never heard from her, and she had never heard from Jack again.

Eleanor hastily thrust the letter in her pocket and hurried from the office, followed by the chattering company, whose attention was already caught by another matter.

Jack soon took his place by her side on the homeward way. Neither spoke until they came to where the old path led out from the main road and through the meadow along the river.

The shadows were long and cool, and the golden sunset light swept down the depths of the quiet water like a reflected sky.

"Eleanor," said Jack, pausing at the turn, "I think I see how it all was; I think I understand. Do I not?"

Her heart beat thick and fast. She would not trust herself to speak; she only looked away to the sky.

"Shall we walk by the river tonight?" he continued, "and would you care now, as I would, not a little, but with all my soul and for all my life, if we never had walked together again?"

Eleanor lifted her eyes to his with a look which answered his fondest hope, as they turned and went down the river path.

"But really, Jack, you do make me think of an owl sometimes—you look so very solemn and wise!" she said, with a flash of her old audacity, as they came again in the twilight down to the farmhouse gate.—Elmira Telegram.

Woman and Her Foot Wear.

"Please try the left shoe on," said the lady who sat next me in a shoe store.

"Why was that?" I asked the man who had served her, when she departed.

"Hole in her stocking. Oh, yes, you would hardly believe how many ladies have holes in their stockings. We always know it. It's 'try the right shoe on,' or the left, 'never mind the other.' Some of them say: 'I'm afraid I have a little break in my stocking. I didn't expect to get my shoes tried today.' And often the little break horrifies them, having grown to a big break during the day. Oh, yes; little breaks come sometimes, and the lady herself does not know it till the shoe is removed. In those cases she usually says nothing, but just blushes. The hole is always a genuine case of accident when a woman takes it that way. Sometimes they gasp, so that we shall see how surprised they are; but then some women pretend that. We can usually tell the real thing. A successful shoe salesman needs peculiar gifts of tact and the genius of patience," this one continued.

"When a woman has a really large foot it's best to bring a shoe slightly too small, and then appear surprised that it does not fit. 'Some feet look smaller than a really smaller foot' is a good explanation of your error. Bring to the woman who has a genuinely tiny foot a shoe too big and then fit down to her. Nothing pleases her so much. A salesman influences the buyer tremendously. I believe a woman would rather have her foot praised than be told she is clever. Always humor a woman with a big foot. 'You can wear a much smaller shoe than this, of course, but you want this for really comfortable wear.' That makes her want to hug you."—New York Sun.

A Possibility.

Irate Father—I never gave my father impudence when I was a boy.

Son—Maybe your father didn't need it.—Life.

Misplaced Confidence.

"Pipes!"

The peddler deftly opened his pack, took out a lot of wooden pipes, with long flexible stems, and laid them down on the table.

"I'v got a full line," he said, "and you can't buy 'em cheaper anywhere. This one I'll sell you for thirty-five cents, and it's a beauty. If you don't like so long a stem here's one for a quarter that I'll warrant you can't duplicate in this town. Any flies on that one for twenty cents?"

"It looks well enough, but"——

"If the twenty cent pipe doesn't strike you just right how's this one for fifteen cents? I'll make you a present of it if you can get one like it for less than a quarter of a dollar anywhere in this country."

"I don't think"——

"Got a ten cent line just as good, only they haven't got quite as many scollops on 'em. Genuine brier root and good stem. Anything wrong with that one for ten cents? Get just as good a smoke out of it as if it were a twenty-five dollar meerschaum."

"I suppose so, but"——

"I've got a few here for five cents. Just the plain wood. No frills on 'em. Put a pipeful of good tobacco in one of these five-centers and it'll give you just as much solid comfort as you can get out of any pipe, and I'll bet money on it. Take one of these fivers?"

"I don't think I"——

"Beg your pardon. I ought to have known better than to think you would want a cheap pipe. In the other compartment of this valise I've got some that will make your mouth water. Take a squint at these."

As he spoke he took out a lot of elaborately finished pipes and spread them out on the table.

"Made out of selected brierwood," he went on, without a moment's pause, "carved in the highest style of the art, with solid silver trimmings, and you can't duplicate any one of 'em for a three dollar bill. Sell you the choice of the lot for a dollar and a half."

"See here"——

"Take your pick for a dollar and a quarter."

"I don't believe"——

"Say, what kind of pipe do you want, anyhow?"

"I don't want any," said the weary man in the chair. "I don't smoke."

The peddler swept his pipes into his valise and walked away without a word, but he slammed the door in a most awfully profane way as he went out.—Chicago Tribune.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP

THE BURLESQUE.

The Father of Burlesque Poetry and of Burlesque Plays.

Mr. Laurence Hutton in his "Curiosities of the Stage" tells us that Hipponax of Ephesus is credited with having been the father of burlesque poetry. He paraded "The Iliad," making Achilles an Ionian glutton; "he did not spare his own parents, he poked fun at the gods themselves, he impaled Mrs. Hipponax with a couplet, upon which she is still exhibited to the scoffers, and he is only to be distinguished from his long line of successors by the curious fact that he does not seem to have spoken with derision of his mother-in-law." I hope that Hipponax will have many followers in the days to come. The mother-in-law has become fatiguing.

Mr. Hutton considers Aristophanes the father of the burlesque play, and cites his many disciples. This burlesque writer, however, had his object, and his works furnished pictures of nations and customs. That burlesque must have sadly degenerated in its aims and purposes is only too evident. As Mr. Hutton satirically remarks, "What curious ideas of American life and manners will posterity gain from 'Adonis' and 'Evangeline!'"

The history of early American burlesque, between the years 1809, when William Mitchell opened the Olympic, and 1859, "when William Burton made his last bow to the American public," is highly entertaining. Here are a few titles that will give one an idea of the punfulness of those days: "The Bohea Man's Girl" ("Bohemian Girl,") "Fried Shots" ("Freischutz,") "Her Nanny" ("Ernani,") "Lucy Did Sham Her Moor" ("Lucia di Lammermoor") and "The Cats in the Larder" ("La Gazza Ladra.") It seems a little surprising that burlesque writers should still hammer away at the puns, and less convincingly than they did in those days.

Our First Iron Article from Native Ore.

The accompanying cut, reproduced from Iron in All Ages, is from a photograph obtained by Mr. C. M. Tracy in 1890, and it depicts the first iron article made from native ore in America.

THE FIRST AMERICAN IRON POT.

The Bulletin tells that this unique kettle was cast in Lynn, Mass., in 1645, and is still preserved by Lewellyn and Arthur Lewis, residing at Eina place. The pot weighs two pounds and thirteen ounces; capacity, nearly a quart; inside measurement, 4 1-5 inches wide by 4 1-5 inches deep.

A Lock Four Thousand Years Old.

An Egyptain lock has been found which we are assured was in use more than 4,000 years ago. This old Egyptain lock, tells the European Trade Mail, was not made of metal like those we use now-a-days, but of wood and the key that opened it was wooden, too. On one side of the door to which it was fastened there was a staple, and into this staple fitted a wooden bolt that was fixed to the door itself. When this bolt was pushed into the staple as far as it would go, three pins in the upper part of the staple dropped into holes in the bolt and held it in its place, so that it could not be moved back until the pins were lifted. The key was a straight piece of wood, at the end of which were three pegs the same distance apart as the pin which held the bolt firm. When the key was pushed into the bolt th[illegible] h a hole made to receive it the pegs c[illegible] into such a position that they were a[illegible] to lift the pins that fixed the bolt, a[illegible] when these were lifted the bolt could be lifted out of the staple.

AN INCIDENT.

We sat within a railway car—
A man named Jones and I—
While I fond glances sent afar
Unto a damsel nigh.
So by this optic telegraph
The trip was swiftly whiled.
Her glances mingled with our chaff,
And once I thought she smiled.

"By Jove!" said I to Mr. Jones,
My new conquest to air,
In most enthusiastic tones
"You maid is wondrous fair,
And ever since I sat me here
She's wafted glances pert.
She's pretty, and it would appear
She is inclined to flirt."

Said Mr. Jones, "Nay, think you so?"
(I know not well the youth.)
"Well, if you say so we will go
And ascertain the truth."
So over to her side we sped,
My mind with sweet words rife,
And Jones—the villain—blandly said,
"Ah! Mr. Brown, my wife!"

—America.

A Poor Joke, He Thought.

"It was like this: I goes into the Wellington for lunch. Just as I'm sitting down in comes Jack Austin, the closest old skinflint in six counties. Well, he sits down at my table and says he'll tell me a funny story. I size it up that he's getting into me for the lunch, see? I only have about $3.50 in my clothes, see? I let him order first, and he goes and orders woodcock and things like that, up to $3.25. This kind of freezes me, and so I tell him I'm feeling sick, and all I want is a cup of coffee and some crackers. That costs a quarter, and makes the bill up to the limit of my pile, see! Well, we eat our lunch and Jack tells funny stories, and pretty soon the waiter makes out two checks, with a total of $3.50.

"'Here,' says Jack, 'give me your check. I'll pay for the lunch.'

"Now, I call that one of the most dastardly jokes. If I had suspected he was going to do anything like t[illegible] I would have eaten about six dollars'[illegible]."—Chicago Post.

Tiddledy Winks.

"Well, what are you doing," I said to a friend,
"In the way of amusement today?
For Euchre and Halma, I understand,
Are rapidly passing away.

"And Whist, that glorious game of games,
That has had an unlimited reign;
With Checkers, Backgammon and Cribbage too,
Are all of them on the wane?

"The donkeys no longer are losing their tails,
The Cobweb parties are through;
The Pigs in Clover were all chased to death,
So what is there now left to do?"

"We play," she answered, with a blush and smile,
"A game full of wonderful kinks;
But it's just too sweet—have you heard of it?
They call it Tiddledy Winks."

—Mary G. Heckle in Boston Transcript.